

SATURDAY MORNING COURIER

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

Notice.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that it will not be responsible for any debt incurred by employees...

FALL STYLE OF THE DUNLAP HAT.

W. R. Dennis & Co. 1137 O Street.

The Courier can be found at Hotel Lincoln News Stand, Windsor Hotel News Stand, Capital Hotel News Stand...

Whitebread Coal and Lime Co. Bathing caps at Rector's Pharmacy. Jeckell Bros. Tailors, 119 north Thirteenth street.

Canon City coal at the Whitebread Coal and Lime Co.

Imported and domestic toilet soaps at Rector's Pharmacy.

An entire new line of ladies' card cases and pocket books at Rector's Pharmacy.

All orders via telephone 308 will reach W. A. Coffin & Co. and receive prompt and careful attention.

"The Best" Laundry, 2208 O street telephone 570, H. Townsend & Co., proprietors, Lincoln, Neb.

No such line of canned fruits in the city as shown by W. A. Coffin & Co., 143 South Eleventh street.

For dances and outings there is no such music in Nebraska as that supplied by the Nebraska state orchestra.

When you want prompt service and fair treatment and the selection from the largest stock of groceries in Lincoln call on W. A. Coffin & Co., successors to J. Miller, 143 South Eleventh street.

Halter's market, old reliable market, now moved to Thirteenth street, opposite Lansing theatre, is where ladies should call for their meat orders.

Professor Swain's ladies tailoring and dress cutting school. Thorough instructions. Lessons not limited. Dress making done with dispatch on short notice.

Ask your groceryman for the "Wilber Rolling Mills" Flour, Chas. Harvey, proprietor. Inquire for "Little Hatchet," "Nickle Plate," and "Bakers' Constance."

Reduced Rates by Missouri Pacific will be given to St. Louis from July 20 to October 31. Very low rates will be on sale and this will be an excellent chance to visit the greatest carnival city in America.

Eye and Ear Surgeon. Dr. W. L. Dayton, oculist and aurist, No. 1203 O street, Lincoln, Neb.

The Union Pacific Cut Rates. Denver, one way, \$10.75. Denver, round trip, 20.00. Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Cheyenne the same rate.

Chicago, one way, 9.15. Chicago, round trip, 16.40. St. Louis, one way, 10.05. St. Louis, round trip, 18.40.

Full information cheerfully given at 1044 O street, southwest cor. O and 11th. J. T. MASTIN, F. B. STOSSON, City Ticket Agt. Gen. Agt.

Moving South. Convenient markets, good soil, pure water and excellent climate are advantages to be considered when looking up a home, business location, farm, etc.

Maryland and the Virginias afford these, with many more advantages. Improved farm lands, adapted to stock raising, dairying, grain, grass and fruit growing, can be obtained at low prices and upon easy terms.

Thriving towns invite the merchant, mechanic and business man. Abundance of coal, timber, ore, water power, etc. Free sites for manufacturers.

For further information, address M. V. Richards, Land and Immigration Agent B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

TO A DISCOURAGED POET.

You have to fight for fame, do not forget. These seeming giants, perched upon their hills, Each one a genius to himself, have quills. All inked and sharpened well for the onset— They'll snub you right and left without regret. A hollow hand? Don't look for it. Their pills have little they can spare. Their rhyming mills Have their own corn to grind and cash to get. Sing if you must. Of the result why care? People will heed if it is from the heart, If it have wit and fancy for the mind. What gain you by surrender to despair? If you have good ideas, well wed to art, In time these hills perched giants will grow blind. —Edward S. Creamer in New York Sun.

FIVE PROPOSALS.

The summer I was 16 was the momentous one of my first proposal. I went to spend my vacation with four cousins in Kentucky. Gay, charming girls were they, living in a low, rose covered house on the edge of town. Although at home men were not allowed to call, here they could not be kept away from me, as my cousins had them by the score.

The day before my birthday I met a man—a universal beau—as skilled in the art of flirting as I was unskilled. He flattered me until my head swam and went through all the first stages of a flirtation without once hinting of marriage. In a confused, blind way I felt that something was wrong. I was ashamed to tell any one, but I thought he ought to know that I did not think of him as he professed to think of me. Still all he said was so intangible I could not refute it nor speak out frankly myself.

One day when we were driving he suddenly threw his arm around me and tried to kiss me. Frightened out of my wits, I sprang up and actually had my foot on the step prepared to go out over the wheels when he caught my hand. "Sit down, child!" he said. "I won't touch you."

Never shall I forget the humiliation of that moment. As I look back, I think nothing more unfortunate ever happened to me than that attempted kiss. It blighted the unspotted page of my childish belief in men, and the veil has never been smoothed out.

"There was no harm in what I did," he went on. "It was because I think so much of you." No answer from me. I knew now that he was flirting with me. It made me furious.

"Take me home," I said abruptly. In the silence which followed, my thoughts spun round and round. I could not formulate them. Suddenly he said, "I love you."

"I am very sorry," I faltered, losing my new found courage and indignation at once. "Sorry?" he echoed.

"Yes, very sorry, for I do not love you."

"Why do you tell me that?" he cried. "Why couldn't you let me love you for the few weeks you will be down here without throwing cold water over me in that way?"

"Love me for a few weeks?" I said, puzzled. "How do you mean?"

He laughed in a slightly embarrassed way without reply, so I went on: "Was that cold water? I did not mean to be rude. I only meant to be honest. I do not want to give you any unnecessary pain."

"I regarded me curiously. "So you think you couldn't love me?" he asked.

"Not well enough to do marry you," I said, with averted face and deep embarrassment. Another long silence, which nearly sent me frantic. What had I done? Why didn't he talk? What could he be thinking of? Presently he broke in vehemently with: "Yes, I do want you, and you will marry me, won't you?"

"Oh, no! Please don't ask me. I was afraid of this, only I couldn't tell you sooner. I faltered, quite alarmed by his earnestness. He persuaded and coaxed, and I grew almost fearful in denying him. Finally he said:

"Well, I won't tense you any more. You will have lots of sweethearts after awhile, and just let me tell you this: If you treat them as you have me, they will thank God, as I do, that they have met and loved one perfectly honest woman." And as he helped me down at our own door he added: "I shall never get over this. I shall never marry."

He did not come in with me, thereby making everybody on the porch smile, as my guilty aspect could not have failed to do. His tone was so tragic that I thought perhaps he would kill himself. But—he did not. He married another girl.

The next was from a man who professed to be a great deal for me. It came about in this way: I was standing at the top of the piazza steps as he came up the walk, and overheard the honey-suckle and nephews roses met and made an ark. No one was in sight, but my mischievous cousins were behind the closed blinds and heard every word, especially as they said Mr. John talked louder than ever in moments of tenderness, so they claimed that his proposal could have been heard "out in the big road." He took off his hat and stopped at the foot of the steps. Without a word of preface he said:

"If I could see that sweet picture every night when I came home, I wouldn't ask the Lord to give me another thing! Do you think you could do it for me?"

"What, stand here every night?" I said, laughing, thinking it merely a compliment to my white dress.

"Yes, stand there every night and let me know that yours was the face of my wife." I was too stunned to answer.

"Will you?"

"Oh, Mr. John!" I gasped.

"I love you, sweetheart," he said. "You are the only woman I have ever loved." I certainly heard a sound behind the blinds, but did not dare to look around.

"Oh, Mr. John!" I said again, like an idiot.

"Could you love an ugly old fellow like me?" he pursued, describing me in three equally flattering words, which I forbore to repeat.

"Oh, I don't think you are so very ugly," I said eagerly, trying to be both polite and honest.

A subdued flapping of the curtain behind me made my hair rise, and my confusion was complete when Mr. John threw his head back and laughed so heartily he nearly lost his balance. He interrupted my apology and grew suddenly grave.

"Too ugly and old for you to love me, sweetheart, but not too old and ugly to love you. Pretty soon you'll go back up north, but you'll not forget that there's one old fellow down south who loves you and would marry you, no matter how old you were—you couldn't be ugly—any time you wanted him."

"Oh, how good you are!" I exclaimed sincerely, for his offer seemed, to my inexperienced, a very handsome one.

I gave the required promise. He begged a rose from me and came in. I called the girls, who entered with mischievous eyes,

and he made a long call, quite as if he had not been rejected to start with.

For a whole year afterward I scarcely spoke to a man. Then came an end to school days and my debut.

Presently I had a curious and disagreeable experience—a proposal which makes me by turns angry, amused and remorseful.

It was from a young Englishman. His haughty mother openly detested America and regarded American girls as only lovable if enormously wealthy. Her eldest son married a cool miller. Her youngest, her idol, was so foolish as to fall blindly in love with a dowdier girl.

He made as much love to me as he dared under the stony eyes of his mother, and then I went with my family to the seashore for the summer. Perhaps he missed me; perhaps she forbade him to consider me. At any rate, something made him follow me.

I remember that he was playing the "Pilgrim Chorus" when I came in from a walk, and he said admiringly:

"What a neat little filly you are!"

"Use the plural, please," I said.

"Plural, how?" he questioned stupidly.

"Phyllis, not a filly. Besides, how dare you compare me to a horse? I detest it!"

"I hope you don't detest me, for I love you."

"Nonsense! What would your mother say if she could hear you wooing a girl who is no heiress—a plebeian American at that! Take care!"

"I don't care what she'd say! I love you even if you are an American. I love all America for your sake, although, I confess, I used to hate it. Only an American shall be my wife, if she will have me, and my mother shall receive her! The little American shall hold her own with even my mother. What does she say?"

"She says this: The little American is too proud to marry into any family where she is not welcomed by all. The slurs cast upon American girls by your mother in my presence ring in my ears too loudly for me to hear you. Your mother's pride forbids you to marry aught save money. My pride forbids me to marry aught save the man."

"Hang me if I don't tell her what you say!" he exclaimed in delight. "What a high stepper you are! I like you for it. You ought to be in our family. I'll marry you yet, and my mother shall be as glad to get you as I, for I love you, Phyllis."

"If you do, you will never mention the subject to me again, for not only do I not love you in the least, but I can't even respect a man of your well known habits. I've remonstrated with you often, and you won't even try to give them up. You make a bad over; you would make a worse husband."

"I'll reform if you'll marry me. If I could be with you always, I couldn't help being better."

"Try it alone first. You are going down hill fast. Be a man for the sake of your own manhood and not to please a weak woman."

"I can't. I need your daily help."

"You shall have it," I said eagerly. "Come and see me every day if you like."

"No, I mean your hourly presence. I must be sure of you first. I want to reform for my wife. Dear Phyllis, please say 'Yes.'"

"No, no!" I said. "I hope you won't think me unkind, but I can't."

"Ugh!" he said, and he still so unselfish and patient a friend that I always think of him as unchanged. All that he said was:

"Phyllis, we have gone thus far in life apart. Can't we go the rest of the way together?" And when I said "No" and began to excuse myself he stopped me:

"Dear girl, don't say that to me. I have loved you much too long and too well not to know you. I understand all you would say. Trust me as I trust you, and forget everything I ever said, except that my heart aches with love for you. Remember that always. Shall we walk on?"

I was so dismayed by his abrupt dismissal of the subject that I nearly fell down instead. How conventionality helps one through a crisis!

The last one was from a man at a ball. On his dress coat, as he claimed me for a waltz, was a long, white thread. I smilingly called his attention to it and took it off. My sister saw me, and knowing things were in that interesting condition when a word would precipitate matters thought to tease me by saying:

"Who is it that says a woman will take the trouble to pick a thread from a man's coat that man may have her for the asking?" She laughed gleefully at our discomfiture and floated away.

The first time we stopped to promenade my partner glanced down at me, and there, caught in the flowers of my gown, was this same long thread. He bent down to take it off just as we came to a clearing among the dancers.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm picking threads off your coat," he repeated, stepping in front of me. "Will you?" I thought he meant would I go on with the waltz. I laid my hand in his, and we melted into our places.

"Did you understand?" he whispered.

Now, it is bad enough to have to refuse a man on the sofa, but to have to do it when you are in his very arms; when, while he tells you over and over that he loves you, he can emphasize with a hand pressure without reproach, been every second you are imperceptibly being drawn closer and closer until the wretched truth dawns upon you that the music and the dance are secondary things, and that in reality you are being hugged, actually hugged by a man whom you are not going to marry—you must resist the impulse to put both hands against him and push with all your might. You simply get tired suddenly and are taken to your chamber where at least you can refuse him properly.—Ladies' Home Journal.

GRAND FALL OPENING TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3.

The Nebraska State Orchestra will render a select program from 2 to 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon, also 7 to 9:30 in the evening.

A valuable and useful souvenir will be given to every lady who visits the store.

A grand display of High Glass Dry Goods at the most reasonable prices will be open for your inspection.

YOU ARE GORDIALLY INVITED.

GRAND OPENING SALE OF CLOAKS!

We offer choice of every FIFTEEN DOLLAR GLOAK in our stock—that is up to and including all \$15.00 garments, at the low price of \$8.50.

THIS MEANS

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Your Choice from our Entire Stock. For this one day, for Tuesday only.

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1121-28 N Street. J. A. DORSEY.

HIGH CARNIVAL AT ST. LOUIS.

THE METROPOLIS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY AGAIN PRESENTS A PROGRAM OF FALL FESTIVITIES THAT FOR BRILLIANCE AND VARIETY OUTSHINES THE CARNIVAL CITIES OF THE OLD WORLD.

Paris, the most magnificent city on either continent, has for ages held the proud title of "the premier carnival city of the world." However, during the last ten or twelve years an American rival of no mean pretensions has contended for that high honor, and today St. Louis holds what Paris so reluctantly relinquished, the title of "the carnival city of the two continents."

Not content with the successful exhibitions of previous years, the autumnal festivities association has arranged a program for 1893 that for brilliancy and variety will be difficult to improve upon. The first of the great attractions, the St. Louis exposition, will throw its doors open to the public September 6 and continue until October 21. The world renowned Sousa's band has been engaged by the management, which in itself is a sufficient inducement to crowd the magnificent building during every concert.

Special attention has been paid to the street illuminations, and on the evenings of August 31, September 7, 14, 21 and 28, and October 3, 5, 12 and 19, the most magnificent display yet attempted will greet the eye of the fortunate visitor; electricity playing a prominent part. The evening of October 3 the Veiled Prophet and his followers will parade through the principal thoroughfares, and immediately after the great ball, which has received considerable prominence throughout the world, will be held.

The thirty-third great St. Louis fair and zoological gardens, October 2 to 7, will be the crowning week of the carnival season. This institution has no peer, and is known in every land where the footprints of civilization exists. The Missouri Pacific railway and Iron Mountain route being distinctly St. Louis lines, and having at all times the interests of the city in mind, have made a remarkably low round trip rate from all points on the entire system to St. Louis and return during the festivities.

For further information in regard to rates, route, limit of tickets and a copy of the fall festivities program, address nearest Missouri Pacific or Iron Mountain ticket agent in your territory, or H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. Agt., St. Louis.

Ashby Cloak company 1114 O street.

The Union Pacific Cheap Rates. Only \$30.00 first class to Ogden, Salt Lake, Helena, Spokane and Portland Ore.

For full particulars call at city ticket office 1044 O street.

Althea toilet preparatories at Rector's Pharmacy.

Unequally Distributed.

"No, sir," sharply responded the woman at the kitchen door. "I've got no victuals for tramps."

"Do I look like a tramp, ma'am?" said the man.

"If you ain't a tramp, what are you?"

"I'm the victim of an unjust social system, ma'am."

"Oh, you are, are you?"

"I am. If I had my share of the good things of this world, I wouldn't be forced to subsist on cold charity, with kicks and cuffs for side dishes, and a 'Sick 'im, Tige' now and then for dessert."

"Why don't you go to work?"

"That's the regular and proper question, ma'am. I always expect it at this stage of the conversation. Work, my dear madam," said the weary caller, with a deep sigh, "would not effect an equal distribution of what the world considers advantages in life."

"Oh, it wouldn't!"

"No. In my case, for example, it would leave ungratified one of the simplest longings in which a man can indulge, no matter how hard I might work."

"What longing?"

"The longing, ma'am," he said, raising his ragged remnant of a hat and looking at her mournfully, "to be able to raise such a beard as you can. Good morning."—Chicago Tribune.

Bound to Be Grammatical.

Justice of the Peace—Had you ever saw this man before?

Witness—Yes.

"Had he come before you had went?"

"No."

"Is them your eggs what you say was stole?"

"Yes."

"Would you have recognized them if you had seen them before they was brung here?"

"Yes, I would have knowed them."

"Speak grammatic, young man. It ain't proper to say 'have knowed.' You should say 'have knew.'"—Texas Siftings.

Home Seekers Excursions.

By Missouri Pacific Ry. August 22, September 12 and October 10 1893, with stop over privileges, going but continuous passage on return trip good for twenty days, this gives very low rates, to Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and other points. Call at 1201 O street, Lincoln, Neb., Missouri Pacific office, J. E. R. Miller ticket agent, for further particulars and tickets.

Low prices latest styles ASHBY CLOAK CO.

Canon City and Rock Springs coal nicely screened at Lincoln Coal company.

Lincoln Coal company caters to the best trade.

For all social doings the Nebraska state band or orchestra is what is always most desired.

Jeckell Bros. new tailoring establishment, 119 north Thirteenth street near the Lansing is the popular resort for stylish garments.

Elegant wraps ASHBY CLOAK CO.

Fruited ice cream soda water made from the natural fruit, at Rector's Pharmacy.

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They are warm, good wearers,

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DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder. The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.